

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL

The Student Magazine of the Kentucky School for the Blind

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by the

KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

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H O N O R R O L L

The following students had an average of "B" or better for the fourth and fifth marking periods, and, following the custom set at the end of the first six-weeks' period, they need not report to study hall. They are permitted to prepare their work independently.

Fourth Marking Period

Joan Britt	Alice Napier
Jesse Doll Brown	Oral Miller
Imogene Cheesman	Joanna Pennington
Manis Castle	Naomi Overby
Billie Jean Clark	Magdaline Parsons
Anna Sue Cochran	Anna Rose Ratliff
Beverly Damal	Louise Rogers
Claudia Dotson	Raymond Seaver
Amon Greer (all 1's)	Ben Robinson
Flonnie Howard	Hazel Smith (all 1's)
Lucille Huddleston (all 1's)	Elsie Willard
David Murrell	Alma Jean White (all 1's)

Fifth Marking Period

Joan Britt	Alice Napier
Jesse Doll Brown	Oral Miller
Imogene Cheesman	Joanna Pennington
Manis Castle	Naomi Overby
Anna Sue Cochran	Louise Rogers
Beverly Damal	Raymond Seaver
Claudia Dotson	Ben Robinson
Flonnie Howard	Elsie Willard
Arthur Johnson	Alma Jean White
David Murrell	

A C T I V I T I E S

No sooner had we welcomed the warm, soothing influence of spring than we found ourselves face to face with the rapidly-approaching summer. The girls have already started wearing sun-backed dresses to school, while on Sundays the usual gentlemanly nature of the boys rebels against the tight stiff collars and ties which must be worn to church.

Although a prominent and respected gentleman in our circle disapproves of the traditional spring fever and its influence on the fancies of a young man, it seems to have taken its original course in the life of Mr. John Sutton. It was in the freshest month of this spring that Mr. Sutton was married and brought his young bride to the campus to live until this school term expires. Their further plans for the future are yet indefinite.

One of our most enjoyable evenings of the season we owe to the Alumni Association. On April 9 they sponsored a dance in our auditorium. There was a door prize, special games to keep everyone dancing, and the rest of the "trimmings". All in all, the dance was a great success, and the students will be glad to welcome them back at any time.

On April 13 we presented the first performance of our school plays. The actors breathed a sigh of relief after the last curtain, thinking that it was all over; but upon returning from a brief, but exciting Easter vacation, they were informed that the plays were to be presented again on April 23 by special request. Besides the already large and responsive audience made up of our friends from Louisville, we also had fourteen or sixteen visitors from the Illinois and Missouri Schools for the Blind, who had come for a triangular track meet to be held on the following day. The last performance was even a greater success than the first, and the actors were glad that they had given the plays again.

On the evening of the 23rd a dance was given in honor of the two visiting teams. This gave us an opportunity to meet and become acquainted with our visitors, who proved not only to be good sports but to be very good dancers as well.

The Dramatic Club seems to feel especially rich this year, for besides the usual annual picnic which will be one day during the first week of June, the club had supper at the grill on May 12. Everybody had a wonderful time, but they were still washing the dishes when somebody demanded, "When is the big picnic coming up?" Miss Allan gasped for breath and said, "Let's wait until we get over this."

Perhaps we are creating a lasting tradition, for again this year the Chorus Club plans to make the last social of the season a boat party. We say this because this will be the third consecutive year that we have climaxed our social activities with a cruise up the river.

Our congratulations and best wishes to the largest graduating class since 1941! Though we are proud to send such a class into the world to represent us, we almost wish we could keep them, for they have become such a part of our lives that the school will never be the same without them. Because they all have definite plans for their future, we feel that not one of them need dread his new and strange life. Imogene Cheesman, the class musician, plans to continue her studies at the University of Louisville School of Music. Martha Calhoun and Mittie Mae Hack, the gay and carefree, want to settle down to jobs in Louisville. Christine Wade, until recently undecided, has made up her mind to get work near her home in Madisonville. Naomi Overby, who already has been working part time for the American Printing House, hopes to secure a permanent position as soon as school is over. Jimmy Scoggins and Edison Wommack, the only gentlemen in the class, both intend to take up piano tuning for their profession.

Anna Sue Cochran
Joanna Pennington
11th Grade

P R I M A R Y D E P A R T M E N T

Kindergarten and First Grade

It has been so much fun walking around our school yard this spring. There are many pretty flowers and trees. We listen to the many different birds, too.

One day a short time ago we had a long ride in our new station wagon. We went to the Zachary Taylor Cemetery. There was a funeral for a World War II soldier. We heard them blow a bugle.

We are making some plaster animals, and our teacher paints them. We each have a dog, a cat, a turtle, and a rooster to take home.

* * * *

Second Grade

In the last issue of "The Colonel" were several jingles written by our class. The following poem is the outcome of those rhymes. Don't you think we have improved?

May

I like to play in the grass in May --
Sunday, Monday, and every day;
The trees with leaves are green,
And many birds are seen.

Joyce Seward
Larry Hutson
Udell Useen

* * * *

Third Grade

The third grade boys and girls were invited to visit the first and second grades recently. We enjoyed seeing an original play given by the second grade.

Joe Rodgers, a first year pupil, will have a new piano to practice on when he gets home.

We took a field trip not long ago so that we could study seeds and the ways in which they travel.

The third and fourth grades enjoyed a picnic a short time ago. We played games, and then came the best part -- the food. We had wieners, buns, baked beans, hard boiled eggs, pickles, cookies, marshmallows, and lemonade. We really had a good time.

* * * *

T H E M U S I C B O X

As the school year draws to an end, the music department is becoming quite active. The chorus is working on the music for the spring concert and commencement, and the music students are spending more time at their practice, conscious of the fact that the date of the spring program is not far off.

The annual spring concert will be presented on Sunday, June 5, in the school auditorium. The program will consist of piano and vocal solos and numbers by the advanced chorus. The choral numbers performed at commencement will be Fred Waring's arrangement of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", and "The Prayer" from "Hansel and Gretel", by Humperdinck.

On May 19, the music faculty and a group of students drove to Indianapolis, Indiana, to attend the spring concert at the state school for the blind. For many of us it was a new and thrilling experience to visit another school for the blind and to see just how they do things. Everyone enjoyed the trip thoroughly, and we're sure that the students would like to visit other schools more frequently.

As we mentioned in a previous issue of "The Colonel", vocal music has been added to the curriculum of our school, and is taught by Mrs. Robert Preston. On May 26 the voice students gave their first recital in the school auditorium. There were also piano solos for variety. At the end of the performance, Mr. Tyrus Nippert received a certificate for having completed the required course in piano tuning.

This concludes the activities in the music department for this year, but when school opens in the fall, the music department will be as busy as ever, and your new editor will keep you informed of the various activities in each issue of "The Colonel".

Imogene Cheesman
12th Grade

B O Y S C O U T N E W S

Thanks to Mr. Langan for Troop 10 operation of the concession stand. Thanks also to all who patronize the stand. By the end of the year between \$80 and \$90 should be realized. Uniforms and a tent for the Jamboree, parties, prizes, equipment and incidentals should bring our expenditures to over \$50, with \$25 or more left in the treasury for next fall.

A wonderful trip was experienced by the Blue Grass Patrol who made the Philadelphia Jamboree trip April 29, 30, and May 1. Amon Greer, patrol leader, Delbert Welsh, Raymond Seaver, Raymond Randles, Astor Martin and Will D. Evans made up the patrol. The Jamboree was held on Treasure Island in the Delaware River approximately five miles above the historic crossing of the troops of

General Washington to surprise the British. Instruction and contests were held. The Blue Grass Patrol took first place in knot tying, second in tent pitching, fourth in nature and the tug-of-war. Western Pennsylvania School for the Blind, Pittsburgh, won competitive events, with Kentucky ranking second. Perkins, Connecticut and Overbrook, the school that sponsored the Jamboree, also took part in the Jamboree. Thanks to Mr. Howser and Mr. Cox, alternate drivers of the bus, and to Mr. Langan for the trip. We enjoyed the company of six scouts and two officers from the Pittsburgh School who shared the bus from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia and return.

Volunteer Scouts of Troop 10 are supervising the boys from their cottage to classes in the girls' cottage. We are sorry for the times we have missed but hope we have been helpful in that good turn. We hope to do better next fall. We welcome good turns of any type from any department of the K.S.B.

Scouts are looking forward to the annual spring trip to Covered Bridge Reservation, Saturday, June 4. A field day consisting of a hike, knot tying, stalking, and other scout contests will be held in the afternoon. A picnic lunch and a campfire program will complete the program. We appreciate the opportunity of visiting our local Scout Camp.

Teh Troop 10 contest is nearing the end with James Scoggins, Edison Wommack, Oral Miller, Herman Davis and Bobby Johnson all fighting it out for the prize. The Senior Patrol seems to be the undisputed winner in the patrol contest.

We are happy to see the smiling face of former Scout James Clifford around the K.S.B. Campus.

Appreciation to Mr. Mootz, Mr. Sutton and Mr. Jack for their cooperation as Troop Committee. To Mr. Langan, also, for the many nice things he has done for the troop.

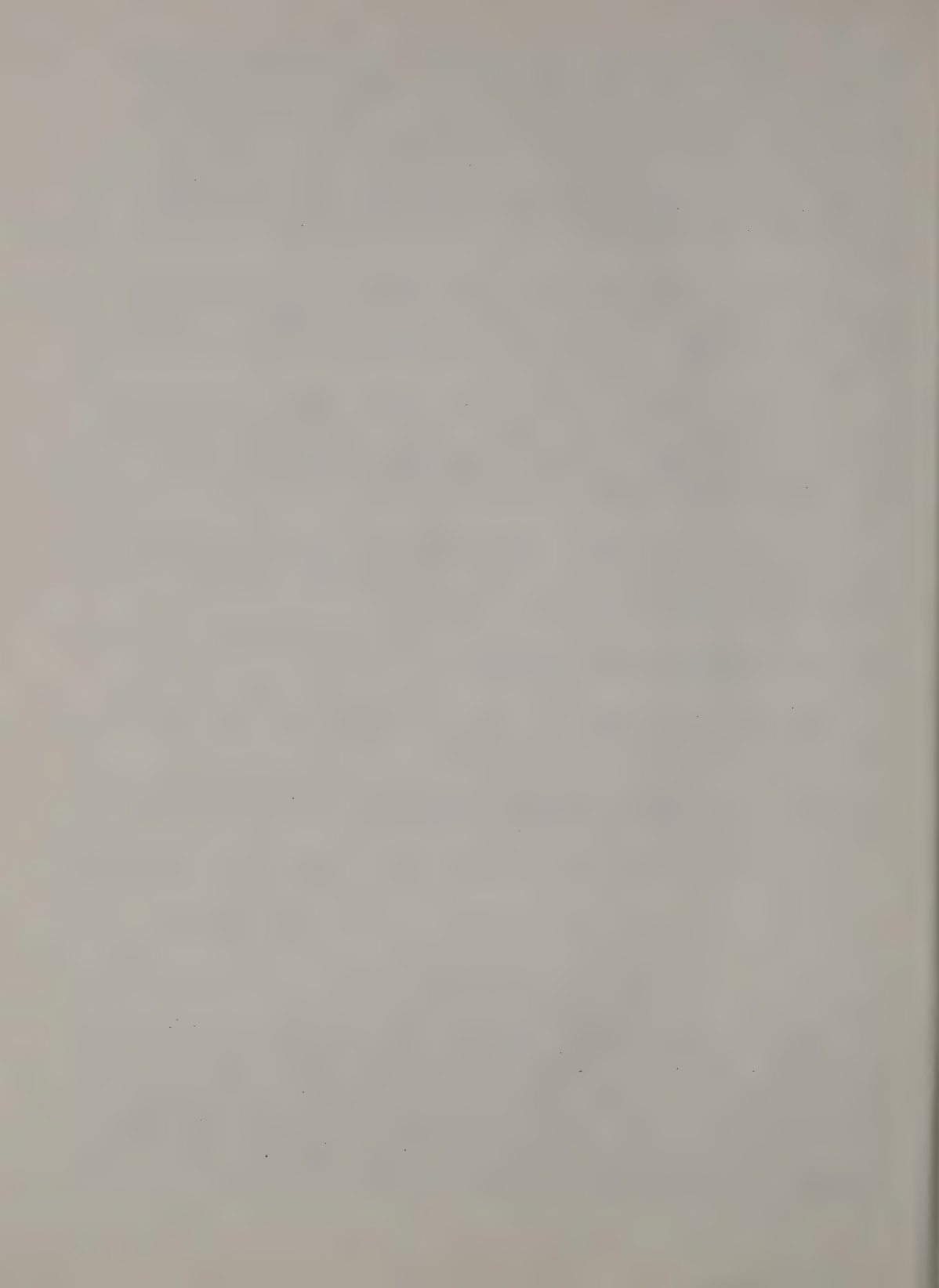
Troop 10 took part in the Louisville Council Round-up of last fall, and in the city-wide Window-Decoration Display during Boy Scout Week, and won a blue ribbon in each.

Thanks to "The Kentucky Colonel" for all scout news published.

Sam. J. Richie
Scout Master,
Troop 10.

S P O R T S

The old rivals of the school, the Gray-Beards, feeling tough after defeating the school in Philadelphia Kick last fall, challenged us to a basket ball game. The two teams met on March 12 at the gym of Barret Junior High School in a "knock-down", "drag-out" game. Everything looked fine for the students at the end of the first half because they were comfortably ahead. The Gray-Beards started to move in the second half and at the end of the game they had roughed and strong-armed a three-point lead, thus winning the game by the score of 25 to 22.



The Gray-Beards, feeling their oats after pushing out a basket ball victory, then challenged the school to a track meet. The Gray-Beards, after hearing a few of the measurements of some of the jumps early in track season, quickly withdrew their challenge. I wonder why they withdrew their challenge. Could it possibly have been the distances of some of those jumps?

Track season began with about the same number of boys coming out as in the previous years. Bad weather prevented us from getting much outside practice until well along in April.

Our first track meet of the season was with Illinois and Missouri in the Kentucky Invitational Track Tournament. Things looked bad from the Kentucky viewpoint at the end of the dashes because Illinois and Missouri had the upper hand in those particular events. We gained on Illinois by winning first place in the three-consecutive jumps, the hop-step-jump, and the shot-put. Several Kentuckians also helped their cause by winning second place in those events. The meet was pretty well between Illinois and Kentucky until the last event. Missouri scored most of its points in the last event, thus preventing Illinois from getting the points that would have enabled them to beat us. Kentucky won the meet with 28 points, Illinois was second with 25, and Missouri was third with 10 points.

The annual triangular meet at Staunton between Virginia, North Carolina, and Kentucky was the next meet in which we competed. Virginia won the meet with 34 points; we came through with a second place in the last event to take second place with 15 points; and North Carolina was third with 14 points.

This year the annual Field Day was held on May 28. As usual, the school was divided into two teams, the Reds and the Whites. The Whites defeated the Reds in an interesting meet.

Some of the eastern track teams had better keep their eyes on one of our track men, Bert Ellis. Another boy who deserves watching is Donald Thomas. Both boys have proved that they are going to give someone some trouble next year.

Oral Miller
10th Grade.

THE REDS WERE GREAT -- THE WHITES WERE GREATER

In the latter part of April and during the month of May the girls' gym class was under full swing, since our annual Field Day was scheduled for the last Saturday in May. Miss McClaskey had given us exercises which had kept us physically fit during the winter months, but when we got out on the track and began to practice for Field Day, little did we know that for the next few weeks we would be so sore we could hardly move. The girls worked in the gym class and after supper, trying to catch up with the best in the group. It was a long struggle -- but worth it.

One week before the big day we elected captains -- a boy and a girl for each team. Edison Wommack and Dollie Collard, captains for the "Reds", and Jimmy Scoggins and Betty Jean Greene, captains for the "Whites", then chose their teammates. Each team worked hard, and after what seemed like years of practice, the big day rolled around.

At 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, May 28, we all filled up the standing space around the track. Everyone began to warm up with a few jumps, confident that his team would win. The first events were between the lower classes from each team. Competition was plentiful, but everyone felt that the Reds would score more points. Realizing this, the Whites decided to work twice as hard and prove that they had "what it takes" to win the meet.

The work went on until time for lunch. Word reached us that the Whites were ahead by 8 points! This really encouraged the team, and they went out after lunch determined to win that meet if it were at all possible.

The afternoon's work began at 2 o'clock, and this time the higher classes competed. The events consisted of standing broad jump, hop-step-jump, three consecutive jumps, high jump, 50 and 75-yard dashes, basket ball throw, and shot put. The points were so nearly equally divided all afternoon that, when the meet was over at 5 o'clock, no one had any idea who the winners were.

Particular mention should be given to Donald Thomas, who broke the school's record in the standing broad jump. Donald's best jump was 10 feet 4 inches. We have now given him the name "The jumper of the Mountains".

Everyone and everything was in an uproar. All you could hear was the one question, "I wonder who won?" We found out later, and it was really an upset. Believe me, it was just like all the basket ball upsets. In case you are wondering, the Whites worked hard, suffered much, and won the meet by 21 points. So that is why I say "The Reds Were Great -- The Whites Were Greater".

To close the big day, we had a dance in the evening. At this time the ribbons were awarded to those who made first, second and third places in all the classes. It was a WONDERFUL day!

Betty Jean Greene
9th Grade

THE MERRYMAKERS

The Merry-makers have not been meeting regularly since spring has brought its hustle and bustle. We have managed to stay together, however, and I hope we will continue to do so.

Saturday, May 14, we had a picnic supper in the dell on the campus. A picnic supper never tasted better! Grace Miller, a former student, and Joan Britt were our guests.

We hope to have another party before school closes. We are also looking forward to next year when we all hope to find time during the busy school months to continue the activities of the club. I am sure we will if we all have the real spirit. We will probably have many new and exciting things to do next year.

All the members of our club are grateful to Miss Hilda Faye Smith for organizing "The Merrymakers", and I am speaking for all of them when I say "Thank you, for everything you have done for us."

Louise Rogers
8th Grade.

A R E V I E W

(Dramatic Club Plays)

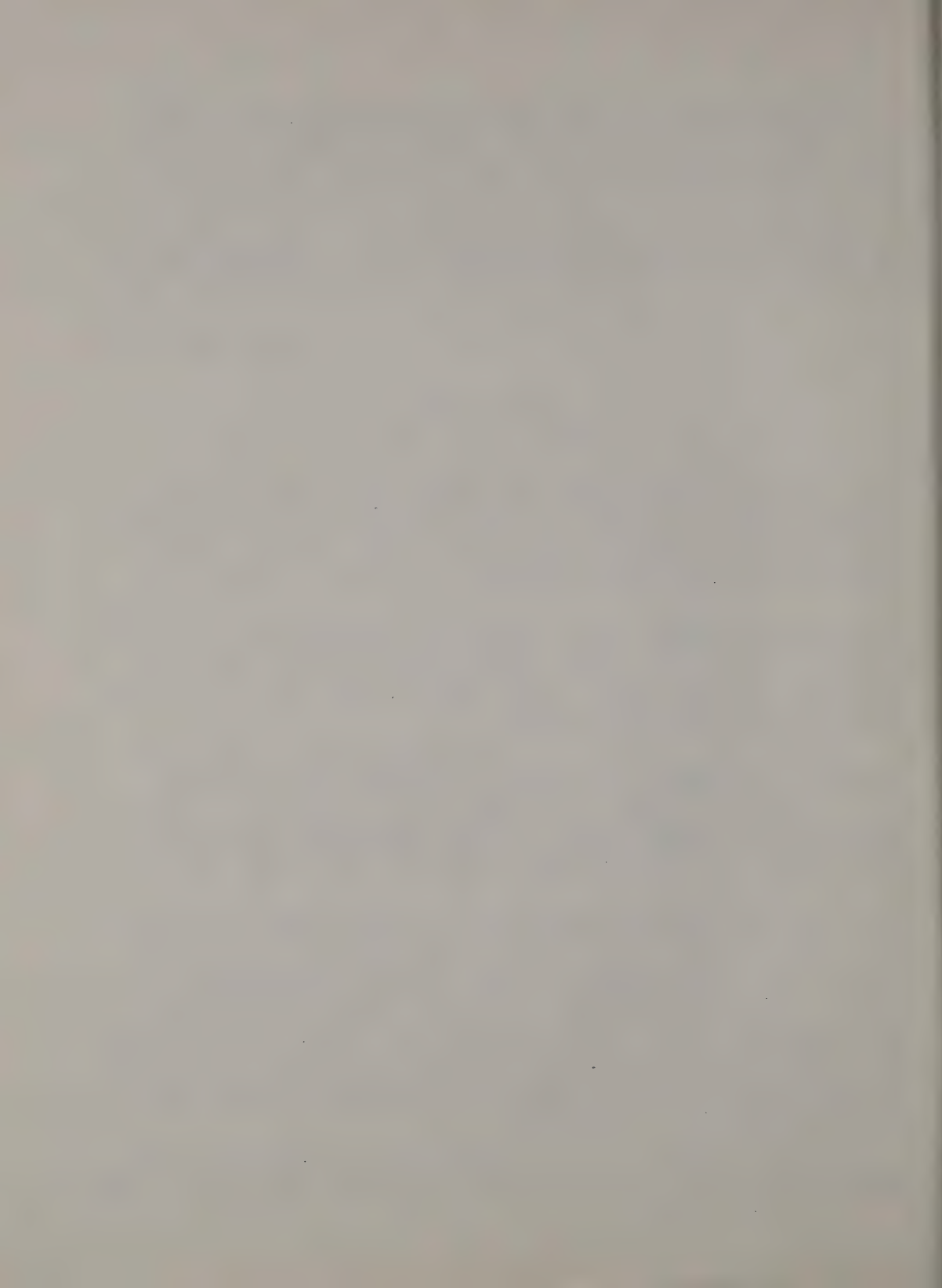
On the evening of Wednesday, May 13, the K.S.B. Dramatic Club, directed by Miss Minnie Blye Allan, presented its annual program. Instead of giving a three-act play as in the past years, they chose two one-act plays in order to give everyone a part. The auditorium was not as well-filled as last year, but the responsiveness of the audience made up for what was lacking.

Before the first curtain, Miss Allan was rushing around giving last-minute directions, and seeing that everything was as it should be. It was no unusual thing to hear a student muttering to himself so as to have his lines fresh in his mind before going on stage. At a few minutes past eight, everyone was in his place waiting for the important moment.

First on the program was a delightful comedy called, "An Evening at the Blakes", by Horace J. Gardner. The members of the Blake family thought they wanted a modern apartment until they started reminiscing about the wonderful times they used to have in their suburban home. It would hardly be fair to the others in the cast to say that one was any better than the other, because they all did an excellent job.

The other play was entitled "Never Mind the Baby", by Howard Buermann. It was about a woman-hater who for a time was quarantined with a woman, a baby, a policeman, and a grocery boy. Oral Miller, with his portrayal of Wilbur Peabody, a struggling young botanist who had to cope with a situation complicated by bridge ladies, crying babies and measles, stole the show completely. The part came very easily and naturally to him, because on the surface he appears to be stern and businesslike. Underneath, however, he is as jolly a person as can be found anywhere. After talking with several members of the audience, it was decided to award Oral for his outstanding characterization.

The performance went off so well, and there was such an overwhelming request to do it again, that on Friday, May 22, at 8 P.M.,



the members of the cast once more found themselves behind the footlights waiting to display their talent to the public. Into each of them crept the thrill and excitement that comes with make-up and costumes.

After many curtain calls, everybody retired with the contented feeling that comes after a thing well done.

Naomi Overby
12th Grade.

NO CONCEIT, JUST INTEREST

Facts About Me

I. INTERESTS

- A. Church
- B. Sports
 - 1. All kinds of ball, especially baseball
 - 2. Swimming
 - 3. All kinds of outdoor games
- C. People

II. AMBITIONS

- A. To graduate with honors
- B. To become a teacher
- C. To get the best out of life in the best way

III. THOUGHTS OF LIFE

- A. Anyone who plays his part well in life can be a main player
 - 1. In business
 - 2. In sports
 - 3. In dealing with other people
- B. Cleanliness can get a person farther than money
- C. It doesn't take good looks to get along in the world

Betty Jean Greene
9th Grade

T H E D A Y

With the dawn comes a sunrise with pink and rosy hue,
The day has started with the sky of the loveliest blue,
It fills your heart with thankful gladness,
To think God has made this for you.

Then comes the evening with a gently rolling breeze,
That makes the tree leaves rustle and ripples peaceful
seas;
At dusk we hear the whippoorwill that sings and calls
and trills,
And just listen to the echoes that go wandering through
the hills!

Then at last the night arrives,
 With its own beauties to enrich our lives,
 Within her dark cloak are both peace and rest;
 Let us kneel down to thank our God
 For this wonderful day with which we are blest.

Martha Calhoun
 12th Grade

TABLE CONVERSATION

It is the belief of various authorities that table conversation should be light, pleasant, and cheerful not only for etiquette's sake, but for the proper digestion of food as well. You laugh and say, "What has conversation got to do with the way your stomach acts? That's just tempermental rubbish."

I'm sure you've gone to the table many times feeling absolutely famished. If your companions are silent and morose, you lose your appetite. On the other hand, if they are smiling, you don't care whether the meal ends or not. The atmosphere is so cozy that you get a feeling of warmth and contentment deep down inside you.

What should one discuss at the table? There are certain times and places for certain things. Around the family table, matters of the home is a good topic. If there are school children, I'm sure something delightful and amusing is in the offing.

Maybe the reason so many businessmen have ulcers is that they try to mix business with pleasure. They invite a friend to lunch and give more attention to business than to what they are eating.

When attending a dinner party, it is wise to steer away from such subjects as religion, politics, and gossip because there might be someone in the gathering who would be offended by what you said. Such things as the latest books, concerts, and sports make scintillating discussion.

A visitor eating in our school dining room would find it a place of merriment and noise. The faculty tell us to be quiet, but if they heard some of the things that are said I'm sure they'd have as much fun as we do.

I don't know whether it's due to table conversation, or whether I have a good alimentary canal, but I have never had indigestion.

Naomi Overby
 12th Grade

SPRING FEVER

On rising from my bed one morning recently, I had a strange feeling that was unexplainable. The sun was shining through the window like a bright light from the heavens. The trees were getting their coats of green back again for the spring and summer. The flowers were beginning to bloom. Even my pet dog, Sender, seemed to know that something strange was happening. Then I thought, "Oh! this is the first day of spring. Spring! That means that the cold weather is now at an end. Summer is growing near. Now, I can go swimming down at the pool and play ball in the big park down the street."

As I rushed down to the breakfast table, all I could think of was spring and what was to be done the next week-end. Everything ran through my mind: first, play ball; then, go swimming. No, I couldn't decide what I was going to do.

On my way to school, I thought I should never feel so happy in my life, again. Everyone at school greeted me as if they had never seen me before. Spring was in everyone's heart. Later in the day I became lazy and wanted to be out under the shade trees, but the teacher wouldn't let me do it so I mumbled under my breath and went on getting my lessons and sweating as I did so. Although tired and lazy, I had the good feeling that I could do anything and be happy.

After arriving at home that night I wanted to take my first trip of the season to the park, so off I went with Betty. It was nine o'clock before I returned, having first stopped at the corner drug store for refreshments. It was too late to get my homework. I thought I would get it in the morning, but the spring fever still had hold of me and I did not get it.

Spring fever is a bad thing to have. Don't you think so?

James Lane
8th Grade

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN WE TOOK THE WRONG BUS

I am sure that at some time you all have had some interesting experiences, some of which seem rather unpleasant and make chills come over you when you think of them. Then, when you recall others, you laugh and think how silly they were and how afraid you were when they happened. If you were lost, you think of some of the jams you got into trying to find your way back home. At any rate, we all like to tell how our own little troubles started and how they ended.

When my brother and I started back from a visit over the week-end, it was dark and about nine o'clock at night. The skies were clear and it was very warm -- a perfect night to ride the bus, wouldn't you say? We thought so, too.

There were two transfers between Thirty-first and Broadway and Frankfort Avenue, one at Fourth and Broadway, and the other at Fourth and Market. Everything turned out fine at the first transfer point. Even the other bus was waiting for us. We were proud of ourselves because this was our first time to travel alone. We thought that the rest of the way was going to be easy. Why shouldn't it be? We had come part of the way without any trouble; why should we have any now? However, I was afraid because I did not know anything about Louisville. My brother also knew very little about the town, but he was as calm as he could be. He was so sure that everything was going to be all right! I think that he was really as much afraid as I was, but just didn't want to admit it.

The next transfer was at Fourth and Market. This time we weren't as lucky as we had been at the first transfer place. There was no bus waiting nor was there any in sight. We waited for at least half an hour. Then, when a bus finally did come, we were the first ones to get on. I really was tired and, believe me, it was good to sit down again.

It wasn't until we had gone quite a distance that we found we were on the wrong bus. We had taken the Portland and Shelby bus instead of the Market Street bus. We immediately got off, not knowing where we were. Now, we really had something to fear. I was so afraid that I was shaking all over. My brother kept saying, "Don't be afraid and don't start crying because everything is going to be all right." I said to myself, "I'm certainly glad you think so." I had no intention of crying -- at least, not until we started falling into holes, running into posts, falling off the pavement, and falling into ditches. Then, I really "let loose". I cried like a baby. The more I cried, the angrier my brother became. I couldn't blame him because I could see his point also. The third or fourth hole I fell into, my sandal strap broke. This made me angry enough to scream. This brought on more difficulty than ever, for now I had to drag my foot in order to keep my shoe on. I stopped crying because I finally realized that this wasn't helping matters the least bit.

We walked a short distance, but what seemed like long miles to me, before we saw anyone. Then we met two men who, I think, were drunk. We asked them which way we should go to get the Market Street bus. They showed us in which direction to go, and we did as they told us, but maybe it would have been just as well if we hadn't done so for we ran into a building. This really made me angry, and I started crying again.

After falling into a few more holes and running into a few more things, and walking ourselves to death, we came to a brightly lighted corner. There were some very nice ladies standing there and they told us that we could get the right bus on this corner. This was a relief.

I never was so glad to see the school in all my life! We just don't know how much we love our school until we need help or get into trouble. It certainly did seem good to be at home again.

This just shows what you can get into by taking the wrong bus. Be sure you know which bus you are on. Don't be like me.

Claudia Dotson
8th Grade.

< MY EXPERIENCE IN COOKERY >

It was one hot July day. My aunt and uncle and their family were visiting us. Aunt Frances was always fussy and very particular. She wasn't used to our country ways, and I think she was as glad as I was, when she left.

On this particular day I took it upon myself to cook dinner. That is our main meal at home. I don't believe I ever made such a mess in my life. I certainly showed my ignorance that day! I don't know what all was in the corn bread. At any rate, I left it in the stove so long that it was burned as black as coal. We gave it to the dogs after dinner, but it was so hard that they wouldn't eat it. The reason I let it burn was that I went to the store for some sugar to make a cake. I didn't waste the sugar because I didn't have time to make the cake, thank goodness!

I started to fry potatoes, thinking it the easiest way to prepare them. I didn't know the first thing about potatoes after they were peeled, so I put them in the skillet whole after peeling them. They didn't turn out so well, either. The lettuce salad wasn't too bad, though I believe I did put in too much mayonnaise. For dessert I despaired of trying to cook anything after my disappointments, so I provided graham crackers. I remember saying just before everyone came in for dinner, "Well, if they don't like it, I don't know that I blame them, but I guess they will just have to eat it. I am thankful Mother put some beans on to cook before she took Aunt Frances and Grandmother to see Aunt Rose."

When the family assembled I slipped outside. I certainly didn't want to be in there and hear them comment. I didn't mind so much being outside.

"What kind of potatoes are these supposed to represent?" asked June, my oldest cousin, in a tone of anger, though I think she was almost laughing.

"Where is the saw used to cut this bread? I don't think they have manufactured anything harder than steel yet, but they're going to have to, if this is the new style of making bread." This was from Uncle Jim, usually quiet and serious, but now laughing.

"I thought I'd come back to a meal, but if this is a meal I guess my hat would add to its elegance." This caused me to think, "I wonder if her first meal was any better." For you must know it was Aunt Frances who made the last remark.

Mother didn't say anything, but I noticed that she didn't eat anything either when I went back afterwards to wash dishes. After they were done I wanted to go to the woods. I hurried as fast as I could. Just as I was ready to make my escape, Geraldine came around the house. I didn't know what would happen next. She didn't say a word about my failure but just suggested that we go and make some sandwiches and have soft drinks, and you can be sure it was all right with me!

Louise Rogers
8th Grade

T H E R A C E

Were you ever afraid of such an innocent animal as a pig? Well, I was.

About five years ago my father bought two little pigs. The very first problem was just what we should name them. After much consideration we decided to call them Alice and Lou.

Now these pigs had one very bad habit. This habit was following the family everywhere they went. Since we could find no pen which would hold them, we just had to hope that we could leave home without their seeing us.

One day I decided to visit my grandmother who lived rather close to us. Just as I had sat down on the porch and had begun talking, down the road came my dear friends, Alice and Lou, walking just as dignified as two little pigs could possibly walk. But, instead of coming straight to the house, they stopped beside the flower bed and began to root. Now this would never do! If my grandmother should see a pig in her flower bed, she would "positively perish".

There was only one thing for me to do, and this was to take these two little imps home. I decided that if I could get them to run after me, maybe that would be a good way of getting them home. This was more easily accomplished than I had expected it to be. I ran for awhile, but the more I ran, the less energy I had. Finally I decided that we must walk. However, the pigs didn't seem to agree with me. They kept coming as fast as ever.

I have never been bitten by a pig; but I reasoned that when they did bite, they probably bit hard. With this thought I continued running. The pigs were close behind me now, acting as if they would like to bite.

Finally, after what seemed to be an hour's race, I reached home. This race certainly must have impressed my parents for they were standing at the door watching it with the greatest interest. However, I feel that I owe them a debt of gratitude for moving out of the doorway as I dashed into the house, the one place where the pigs were not allowed to go.

Alma Jean White
9th Grade

OPERATING A TYPEWRITER

What can be more fun and honest-to-goodness accomplishment than operating a typewriter? As you listen to the tinkling music of the keys, you can feel your very thoughts and ideas going down on the paper right in front of you. Those who play the piano, express themselves to a rather great extent with the variation of the musical tones, but I can think of no greater mechanical way of expressing one's self than that of the typewriter.

A lot of things that we do are fine as long as we are doing them, and as soon as we finish they are soon forgotten. What we say on the typewriter may be put aside and preserved for many years. The world has had great men with great thoughts, but without their friend and ours (the typewriter) they couldn't have expressed themselves so that people, other than their very close neighbors, could have enjoyed them.

Typewriters are built in both table and portable models so that they can be used handily in the home, in the office, or on the road. They are so well constructed that, with the greatest of ease, we can communicate with our friends in any part of the world. Then too, for the great amount of work they do, they are very inexpensive. It is true that they cost a lot of money, but compare the amount of work they do with the price, and I think that you will readily see what I mean.

You can probably think of several other wonderful things that should be said about the typewriter, but I am just as sure as you are that it is one of the most perfect pieces of mechanism that has yet been put into use.

Arthur Johnson
11th Grade.

NATURE'S FANTASY

I have often thought of the way nature works as a kind of play, with Mother Nature herself as the producer-director. Since the weather never turns out as we expect it, I thought that "Nature's Fantasy" would be an appropriate title for her play.

Her play has four acts, with many scenes -- each season a new and thrilling act and each day a new scene. One of the wonders of it is that each tiny scene is just as important as the last in making her play a success. My favorite part of this

mythical fantasy is spring. Let me describe it to you as I see it.

The mists rise like the filmy curtain of a mythical stage to reveal the wonders of an awakening world. The sun throws his golden spotlight down across the earth so that all who will may see that this spring has furnished the loveliest scenery ever. The sky is the clearest blue, and the grass, with the early morning dew still sparkling upon it, furnishes the most luxurious of carpets. And scattered all around you can see the multi-colored blossoms which give the setting a perfect coloring.

Then there is nature's orchestra. Oh yes, she provides herself with a joyful orchestra which increases in beauty and eloquence with every scene. First we hear the loud, clear sound of the trumpeter, the rooster, as he begins the overture to the morning. Then the clear notes of the flute and piccolo, and the awakening birds usher in the day. Now the tuba-like note from an old cow who has awakened and realizes that she is very hungry. And last to enter is the rhythm of the humming bees and the staccato chirping of the insects.

Oh! the players! Yes, nature has her own unusual case of actors. For the spring there are the gay, clownish March winds, the sweet, gentle April rains, and the villainous thunder storms.

If you could stop and think of spring in this way, I know that you would discover one of the most beautiful of all plays unfolding before your very eyes. "And to think," you will exclaim, "I never noticed it before."

Carole Ashcraft
11th Grade

